



## ADVICE TO PERPLEXED LOVERS.

### WOUNDED HEARTS CURED

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.



#### When His Love Grows Cold.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have been keeping company with a young man about six years. I thought he was getting cold in his attentions, so I told my aunt, and she told me to wait and see. He told me he was going to have a party. I was so eager to go with him, when the night came I was waiting patiently all attired in my best garments. But he did not come, nor did he send word, but told a friend of mine he was hurt at his work and could not come. The next time he called my aunt met him and told him I was out and was very angry with him for what he had done. So he went away and never called since. The next time I saw him I did not speak to him, nor he to me. I was told soon after he was keeping company with another girl. What shall I do?

TRY to look at this matter as sensibly as you would at any other. The young man has behaved very badly and he certainly does not now care for you, and he does care, apparently, for the other girl. I think you are very

well rid of so bad a bargain. He behaved brutally to you concerning the party. Try to forget him and be sure you are very much better off without his "company," as you call it, than in the society of an selfish and inconsiderate young man. Be patient! One of these days the right person will come your way; until then try to improve yourself so that you will really be a girl of permanent attractions to some good, honest fellow who is looking for a wife.

It would not be right or honorable for you to attempt in any case to take this most undesirable young man away from another girl, to whom I hope he will be more constant than he was to you.

#### In Love with Charming Young Man

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am a young lady of twenty and am in love with a charming young man of the same age, with whom I have kept company for the last three months. But he failed to call, as I wrote to him asking him why he didn't, but he failed

to answer. I worry a great deal about him because he showed great love for me.

CANNOT see by what chance of reasoning you conclude the young man has shown great love for you. I assume you do not think his failure to visit you or to answer your letters indicates burning affection. If I were in your place I should pay no further attention to the young person who has treated you so very shabbily.

#### She Would Like to Make Up.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am a young girl nineteen years of age. I am deeply in love with a young man twenty years of age. About six months ago he kind of insulted me and I took it up. Am very sorry that I got angry and would like to make up. Advise me.

If you are satisfied with being insulted by the young man I have nothing to say. Write a note and tell him you would like to be friends again, if, as I imagine, you were somewhat to blame yourself and took offense too easily.

## THE DAILY LOVE STORY

Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

HE sat on a gray, wave-scarred rock and gazed thoughtfully out to sea. It was early morning and a tiny salt breeze was blowing inland, of which Van Holden was pleasantly but indolently conscious.

His eyes opened widely as his soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of a rapidly moving, graceful figure swimming easily toward him. It was assuredly what he had thought at first glance—a girl, or a young woman, swimming toward shore, her long, fair hair to one side, her white arms gleaming through the little wail of foam that she made with long, graceful, overhand strokes.

But before Van Holden had decided that a noiseless retreat was his cue, she caught sight of him, and then, with a little scream, seemingly more of fright than surprise, she turned quickly and started seaward again. But something seemed to retard her progress, and in a moment more the golden head, with masses of soft hair piled high upon it, had disappeared beneath the water.

Van Holden sprang to his feet and threw off his coat. He waited only to see that she was indeed in need of assistance, he tossed his pipe and hat beside his coat and plunged into the cool waves, and struck out for the spot where she had gone under.

By the time she had come to the surface again, he was within her grasp, and one arm beneath her, he turned upon his back and swam back to the beach, in that matter-of-fact way in which he was wont to do everything. Once there, he carried the dripping little figure to a dry spot and laid her down. The girl was unconscious, and Van Holden turned to pick up his coat to throw over her, when a slight mist in his gaze that took away what breath he had left.

"Heavens alive!" he muttered. "I have rescued a mermaid, not a mortal. Either that or I am clear crazy!" She lay on her side, her hair shimmering with water, her eyes closed, the upper part



of her trim body clothed in a regulation bathing suit, but at the waist line reality stopped and romance began. A delicately shaped, tapering extremity like that of a great mountain trout, dotted with sparkles of gold and red, finished the uncanny picture that Van Holden beheld.

She swallowed, gasped, coughed once or twice and sat up, the color coming quickly back to her cheeks.

"Where am I?" she said, pressing her hands to her ears, and making that time-honored remark in excellent English, "Did I go under again?" An embarrassed expression came across her face, as she added, "And you had to go after me? It is too bad—but I am very grateful, sir."

Sir? Van Holden looked again. She was a mere child, not over fifteen or sixteen at the most, and gracious

## "THE MERMAID."

By E. J. APPLETON.

heaven! she was stripping off that remarkable extremity, as if it were made of rubber!

As she shook herself free from it and stood up in a very fetching bathing suit and stockings he smiled. The girl's pretty face grew seriously wistful. "My father," she said, and then went on in a lower tone, "You must not breathe a word of this, for he would punish me if you did; but he makes me learn to swim so. My mother died last winter. Then my father, when I had never seen before, came and took me away, and I am learning to swim with that tail."

"He wants me to be a mermaid in the show this summer. You wouldn't make me do that if you were my father, would you?" she asked suddenly, as if struck by a happy thought.

"Assuredly not," answered Van Holden, taking one of her cold little hands in his. "What is your father's name?"

"Frank Moran," she answered. "It is Moran's Great Three-Ring Circus, you know."

By 6 o'clock that afternoon Van Holden was back in New York, and a day later there was a letter from the interior of the room which Mr. Moran occupied at the seaside hotel. At the end of that scene, in which Van Holden, Moran, an old but determined lawyer from New York and a frightened, shabbily dressed little woman, who proved to be the small mermaid's aunt, took part, Van Holden shook the dust of the ocean scene with the almonstion: "I give you two hours to get away. At the end of that time if you are still here, or if you try to take this child again by pretending to be her father or any other relative, into the penitentiary you go!"

That was five years ago. To-day Van Holden is no longer a careless, irresponsible bachelor. If you care to look him up you will find him enmeshed in a delightful little flat, deeply and luxuriously in love with his wife, graceful and beautiful in every way—and calling her at times "mermaid dear."

## EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB. SOME TIMELY IDEAS

### The Torrid Closed Car.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Now that we are having this lovely tropic weather I fervently protest against the running of any closed cars on the cable or horse lines. Why not have all the cars open? The man who is too delicate to stand open cars in this weather should stay indoors. The company that is too mean to run them exclusively ought to be fined. PARSAGHERI.

### Kick Against Car Blocks.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Let me kick and see if it will stop these annoying blocks of cars. I am often late to work on account of these delays. VICTIM.

### Prickly Heat Remedy Wanted.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I believe prickly heat—that worst agony of the hot spell—could easily be averted or cured, and I beg medical readers to suggest a remedy. Every one tells us how to avoid sunstroke, but no one says how to sidestep from prickly heat. ANONIZIR.

### Overfond Mothers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A serious complaint should be made against the women who are so proud of their child that on trains and every place else, where it is most annoying to every one

### In her neighborhood, she continually

talks at it for the benefit of others who feel like pitching both out the window so that they may read their papers in peace. The chattering girls are nothing to this annoyance. JOHN G.

### The Passing of the Crash Suit.

To the Editor of The Evening World: It looks like the passing of the crash suit. The crash suit is the prettiest, becomingest, comfortablest form of summer costume; yet it was not nearly so much worn last year as during the two previous years. When by rare chance we get a really pretty masculine fashion, let us try to keep it and not let it pass. HY. MOREHEAD.

### Short Straps Scored.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I protest against the length of the straps in the "12" trains. Going up and down in the trains, if we must hang on to a gummy strap after we pay our nickel, why not have them long enough to hold on to? I am short and fall over every one in the train because I can't hold on to a strap. Why not have them as long as the straps in the "12" trains. Why not have them as long as the straps in the "12" trains. Why not have them as long as the straps in the "12" trains. VICTIM.

### A Graduate's Wall.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a college graduate and can't get

### better pay than \$9 a week, while men

of my own age (twenty-four) who began as office boys, make from \$12 to \$20. What is the good of a college education if it doesn't make you get better pay? H. V. C.

### Bad Music.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage's soul." These, I believe, are the words of Shakespeare, but I will bet anything that when he wrote them he had never heard a house organ. There is in an adjoining flat one of these instruments of torture, an old-fashioned one, that has possibly been handed down from Noah's ark, and the doleful, mournful sounds that come from it ought to be enough to drive the whole of Noah's family to distraction if they were here now. Every Sunday the "organist" turns up to inflict torture upon his neighbors, and he keeps up strains of agonizing sounds until we are driven to desperation. TORTURED.

### The Encore Nuisance.

To the Editor of The Evening World: We must please spoil the continuity of concert and opera by demanding encore! It is so silly and useless and such a bore to the few sensible people who want to see the show go on in its order. ORCHESTRA.

## FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this infant's slip 2 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide will be required.



Pattern (2000, one size) will be sent to "Cashier, The World, 100 Nassau St., New York City."

## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

CHAUCER speaks of the daisy as the "Penny" means remembrance—there are pansies," says Ophelia, "that's for thoughts." The French call the flower pansy, "a thought."

From antiquity, the rose, the queen of flowers, has been regarded as the emblem of joy, love and prosperity. It was also the symbol of silence.

The ancients suspended a rose on the table at feasts, to convey the idea to the guests that the conversation was to be held sacred, and not repeated elsewhere. Hence the expression, "sub rosa."

One of the stories connected with the violet is that when the great Napoleon was in exile, the purple blossom was adopted by his adherents as an emblem. He was called *Pere la Violette*. A small bouquet of violets worn by a French woman or hung up in the house denoted loyalty to the Bonaparte cause.

Hope was delineated by the ancients as a little child standing on tiptoe and holding a clover.

Because of the way in which its petals are marked the French call the sweet-william the "poet's eye."

Once marigolds were simply called "gold" because of their color; but in the Middle Ages the name of the Virgin Mary was frequently affixed to anything useful or beautiful, so the flower came to be the *marigold*. A small crown of the talcs told of the daisy is

that the flower ornamented the royal gardens of the Escorial at Madrid for several years before Spanish jealousy would allow it to be introduced into the other countries of Europe.

In Germany the periwinkle is the flower of immortality, but in Italy it is the flower of death; garlands are made of it and placed on the biers of children.

The fragrant honeysuckle has a very pretty meaning—generous, devoted attachment.

The anemone, according to mythology, sprang from the blood of Adonis, mingled with the tears which Venus shed over his body.

The poppy, so the ancient story goes, was created to ally her grief by Ceres, while searching for her beloved daughter Proserpine.

The heliotrope represents Clytie, the beautiful nymph, who died of love for the sun. The story of Clytie is also connected with the sunflower, which, as well as the heliotrope, means devoted attachment.

Another pretty name for the lily of the valley is "the ladder to heaven."

The carnation was called by the Greeks the "divine flower."

### BUTTER EATERS.

Great Britain is the greatest butter eating nation. Her people eat 13 pounds a head a year, as against 4 pounds in France, 8 pounds in Germany and 2 in Russia.

**The World.**  
VOL. 42. NO. 14,612.  
Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 55 PARK ROW, New York.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

## IS IT CROKER AND HIS FRIENDS THAT MAKE NEW YORK THE "BEST CITY?"

Richard Croker broadly hints that the reason people throng to New York is because he and his friends make it "the best city in the country to live in." They come here, he suggests, in order to be well governed.

What would we do, how would we get along, without Ice-Trust Van Wyck, Devery and his "handy-men," Nagle, the champion street-neglector; Ramapo Whalen and the rest?

We would miss them terribly. So would the Harlemites miss the white-spotted tussock moths that are ruling them just now. So would a man miss a boil that had long adorned the end of his nose.

But we would try to stagger along. And perhaps we might discover that it wasn't "grafting" and slovenliness and "grabs" that had made us an attractive city, but that we had been attractive in spite of them.

## "I AM NOT SATISFIED."

A reporter for The World said to Watson, designer of Shamrock II:

"Are you satisfied with her?"

"I am never satisfied with anything I do," replied Watson.

Mr. Watson is an "able citizen." And "able citizens" are not pleased with the results of their labors. Before they get a thing done, their alert, progressive minds see how they could have improved upon their plans. The man who is pleased with himself and his work is living backward.

When he advances with a self-complacent smile, life says to him, in "the latest" from the Bowery:

"Go away back and sit down!"

## THE WELL-POISONERS OF ELLIS ISLAND.

No doubt those Ellis Island rascals who have been admitting paupers and criminals for bribes look upon themselves as patriots. If there were to be a war, they would shout themselves hoarse with "patriotism." If you were to tell them that they are traitors to their country, the lowest, the basest kind of traitors, they would be very indignant. They would say: "We did do a little crooked business, but we love our country and stand by it."

Yet they have been traitors—the sort of traitors that sneak about poisoning the wells to help their country's enemies.

We are at war—at war in true civilized fashion—at war with ignorance and crime and disease and pauperism. It is a desperate war and the noblest that could engage human energy and human devotion.

And these base creatures, whom "political pull" seems to be shielding, have been opening the gates and assisting the enemy to enter. They have been releasing upon their countrymen the dreadful armies of pauperism, disease and hereditary criminalism.

A Benedict Arnold is a patriot in comparison with them.

## BEAUTY AND THE PRUDES.

Some of the criticised Rockaway Beach bathing belles tell The Evening World that the reason for the criticism of their costumes is jealous envy.

"We," they say, "are good to look at in short skirts, short sleeves and low-necked waists. Our critics are shocked not at us, but at the contrast between our appearance and what theirs would be if they were dressed as we are."

This may be somewhat harsh, but it undoubtedly has truth in it.

It was not the pretty young women and the handsome young men who made the blue laws of those shrewish, prudish old New England colonies. And with the rise in the physical average in this country—an amazing rise in the last few years—how rapidly the extreme of prudery and mock-modesty has declined!

## SOME OF THE FUN OF THE DAY.

AT REST.  
We are in receipt of an odd Billville epithet: Six times married. On earth he tarried, Pansy his storm and strife, Hence lies Bill Gordon—Death awarded! More peace than he knewed in life! —Atlanta Constitution.

IN THE SAME BOAT.  
"I've called," said the patient, "to see what you would give for an attack of rheumatism."  
"Nothing," snapped Dr. Crotchett, "I've got an attack myself that I'd like to give away!"—Philadelphia Press.

THE CHUP OF THE BLOCK.  
"I can tell you one thing, Maria. If Johnny is like me he will have good staying qualities, anyhow."  
"He has them now, John. He'd stay in bed till noon every day if I'd let him."—Boston Traveller.

SAME THING.  
"McLush claims to have travelled widely since I saw him last, and one of the boys tells me he has not been out of town."  
"But it is true, nevertheless. I saw him do it. He took up all the sidewalk and half the street!"—Indianapolis News.

VACATION SEASON.  
"Mamma, can't we go and sit on the front porch a little while?"  
"Why, Phillida, have you forgotten that our front windows are boarded up?"—Chicago Tribune.

DIVERTED RESPONSIBILITY.  
Mrs. Dash—You didn't eat those green peaches, I hope?  
Mrs. Rash—No; we made ice-cream of them; and then, you see, we could blame it on the ice-cream.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## KATE CAREW ABROAD.

Mrs. Howard Gould at the Opera.



The Howard Goulds favored London with their presence during the closing days of the season and made their appearance at the opera. No woman at Covent Garden that night was the target of a more merciless opera-glass fire than the imposing dame who was formerly Miss Catherine Clemmons. Mrs. Howard Gould has preserved her figure admirably, and at a distance presents an excellent imitation of what the French call "l'air du grand monde."

## A NATURAL MISUNDERSTANDING.



Ambling Arthur—Dat's Checkered Charley's handwritin' an' he's an expert, so I'll go right in an' git a bite.

(Later)—Say, Charley, whadja mean by writin' dat notice? I went an' got all tore up! Checkered Charley—Yer didn't read it straight, Artie. I mean dat de gent what broke in dere 'ud be 'dead easy' fur de dog.

## HERE AND THERE ABOUT THE HOUSE.

|  |  |  |   |
|--|--|--|---|
| <b>Cologne for Colds.</b><br>While many of us are suffering from the grip, colds or that horrid snuffy influenza, a good thing to remember would be the advice of a clever French physician. When the first symptoms of a cold appear cologne water should be freely inhaled. This can be easily done by pouring strong eau de cologne upon a handkerchief and drawing in the fumes by the mouth and nose, according to what part is affected. | <b>Vegetables.</b><br>Vegetables composed largely of starch and water, potatoes particularly, should be boiled in a continuous high temperature. Otherwise they will become water soaked and of poor flavor.   | <b>Naphtha as a Cleanser.</b><br>Naphtha is recommended by a woman who has tried it as a satisfactory factory cleanser of light fur. The naphtha was poured over the fur and the box fluffed and patted until the soil was worked out. The naphtha was then pressed out by drawing the hand firmly over it, the box shaken and hung in the air to dry. | <b>Embossed leather.</b><br>can be cleaned with turpentine applied with a soft cloth. This removes the stains, but slightly stiffens the leather, which must be made pliable again by rubbing briskly again with crude oil. Use very little oil, and go over the place with one of the clean cloths upon which no oil has been put. No care must be taken to get all the surface grease off to prevent soiling the clothes. |
| <b>Death to Mildew.</b><br>To remove mildew from white cotton rub the stain with lemon juice and place in the sunshine. It is a simple and old-time remedy that will not fail you.   | <b>Filling for Cake.</b><br>A simple and excellent filling for cake, especially one which has been baked several days, is called soft cocoanut. Pour boiling milk over a half pound box of desiccated cocoanut until it is soft. Spread between and on top of a cake. This should be eaten inside of three days, especially in warm weather. | <b>Cleaning Leather.</b><br>A simple and excellent filling for cake, especially one which has been baked several days, is called soft cocoanut. Pour boiling milk over a half pound box of desiccated cocoanut until it is soft. Spread between and on top of a cake. This should be eaten inside of three days, especially in warm weather.           | <b>Short Skirts.</b><br>Many have been the prophecies of skirts of a shorter length, but the ordinary so-called walking skirt is made long enough to touch the ground in front and at the back and the flare around the feet.   |

### TO FRESHEN COLORED STRAW HATS.

FIRST brush off all dust. Then dissolve a piece of gum arabic about the size of a very small nut in three table-spoonfuls cold water. The best plan is to put this soaking overnight. Brush the hat well over with this solution, being careful that the brush penetrates to every part. Hang in a cool place till dry.

### THE FAN.

OF fresh, new silk, all snowy white, And round as harvest moon; A pledge of purity and love, A small but welcome boon. While summer lasts, borne in the hand, Or folded on the breast, 'Twill gently soothe thy burning brow, And charm thee to thy rest. But, ah! when autumn frosts descend, And winter's winds blow cold, No longer sought, no longer loved, 'Twill lie in dust and mould. This silken fan, then, deign accept, Sad emblem of my lot—Cared and fondled for an hour, Then speedily forgot. —By Fan Tai Yu, B. C. M. Translated by Dr. W. A. P. Martin in the North American Review.